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thoughts make me think of the medieval books of hours. Such thoughts are especially appropriate on days such as today, when Jack & Harmon & Richard Dubermak and I spent the day here at Elddale "gathering winter fuel," as it were. No less than 8 very large trees were felled on the "west lawn" (cote Elddale) in the rear of the building / property and now the soleil can come in the west windows. Trees are wonderful, but enough is enough and so many have now been cut that there crowding the building and a wonderful sense of openness prevails on the west, and we are not yet finished on the west lawn. Two or three more large trees will come down next week-end. I was very struck by the openness of the west lawn when I came up from the Tinker Creek at about 6 P.M., having washed my working-in-the-yard clothes, as well as myself, at the end of the day. [The water in the creek was cold -- too cold for me to stand in comfortably and wash out completely my laundry. I managed, nevertheless, to do my laundry successfully in the Tinker Creek today. Most amazingly, even though it ^(the water) was too cold to stand in comfortably, I nevertheless managed to wash my hair and entire body in the Tinker Creek this afternoon.] From the top of the cliff, as I emerged from the Tinker Creek, I looked up at the ^{curving} building & grounds and was very pleased to be looking directly at the setting sun over the west lawn. When I came into the building, a entirely new light-show was in effect -- the setting sun through the west windows. Such pleasure that gave me! No wood-cutting session began this morning at about 9:30 A.M., when

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Jack & Harmon & Richard arrived. John was conspicuously absent (Jack reported that he had awakened him ce matin but John did not get up) and, most amusingly, he did not arrive at all to help in the wood-cutting session. Jack made direct and very pointed remarks to the fact that John was not here. I was very surprised that he did not show up at all. I must say that John's absence also irritated me -- when will John learn that he has to take responsibility for himself vis-à-vis his parents and friends. When will he learn that he has to do his share? When will he learn that the adult world functions differently than the world of teen-agers? Not unlike the majority of teen-agers, he is highly self-indulgent & conducts his life as if there were no tomorrow, which, to a certain extent, is wonderful, but which, to a certain extent, is extremely annoying / irritating / maddening. Jack predicted that John would show up here today at about 2:30 P.M. and work enthusiastically for the last hour of the day. As I say, John never showed up. I fully expected him to arrive ^{here} in the course of the evening. It is now after 11 P.M. and no word from John. He will probably arrive early tomorrow morning and want to move the extra wood-burner at 46 Canada Street out here. I must attend Church tomorrow morning, whatever the morning might hold. Jack and I talked today about erecting a tent inside Elddale Hall -- Jack has one that he will lend me. That way I can place the oil-filled electric radiator in the tent and be "sunny" as the proverbial bug in the rug. I like the idea. No tent, as I recall, is seven feet high & the base is nine feet square. Oh vera.